

## MADE HIS OWN MONEY.

Joseph Shoemaker Wanted More Valuable Dollars than Uncle Sam's. Joseph Shoemaker, of Grayson, Carter County, received the other day in payment for a horse sold to an old farmer, living near the Lewis County line, \$40, among which were three of the famous "sprinkle dollars" of the early '30's. It has been more than twenty years since any of these peculiar coins have been found in this section, and the production of these will recall a queer character who flourished in the earlier part of the century, and went down to his grave with a secret that has never been unearthed.

Joseph Sprinkle, the party in question, lived in one of the roughest sections of Lewis County, and on a line probably fifty miles from Grayson. In his day Washington, the county seat of Mason, and one of the oldest towns in this end of the State, was thriving. One day Sprinkle, then well along in years, appeared at Washington with a buckskin pouch full of silver dollars of his own make. In every respect they appeared the equal of the national coin. The weight was more than present, and the quality and ring of the metal were all that could be asked.

He spent them freely, and they were taken upon the assurance of Sprinkle that there was nothing wrong with them beyond the fact that he and not the United States mint had coined them. Asked where he got the silver, he laughed, and shook his head knowingly. "It doesn't matter so I get it, and there's plenty of it left," was as much as he would ever offer in explanation. The inscription on the coins was rudely outlined, and in no wise was any attempt made at imitation of the legal coin. Rudely outlined on one side was an owl, while a six-cornered star showed with more accuracy upon the other. The edges were smooth, no attempt having been made at milling. The coins were considerably larger than the regulation article, and thicker as well. Upon various occasions Sprinkle afterward visited the town, and in every instance he spent them more and more freely.

At one time he volunteered the fact that he had a silver mine in the hills, but no one ever succeeded in inducing the old man to allow a sharing of his secret. Finally the Government agents learned of the matter, and came on to investigate. Sprinkle was arrested and brought into court, but the dollars were proved to be pure silver without alloy, worth in fact a trifle more than \$1 each, and after an exciting trial he was acquitted. Upon the verdict being announced, Sprinkle reached down in a cavernous pocket and drew out a bag of fifty of the coins, and promptly paid his attorney in the presence of the astonished officials. Sprinkle was never afterward bothered, and continued until his death to make the dollars, how and where no one ever knew. He lived practically alone, having his hut away from his relatives, who lived close at hand, and died suddenly, carrying the secret of his find to the grave with him. Ashland, Ky., special to Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Before They Sleep.

It was the 1 o'clock midnight of the down town saloon. Two men slid out of the side door. Their coats were buttoned to their chins, their hats drawn far down and their hands hugged their coat pockets close together in front, leaving stretches of bare, red wrists to be bitten by the icy night air. They shuffled silently up the street and around a few gusty corners, with their shoulders shrugged high. They were not drunk—but it was not their fault.

Reaching the city hall, they entered the long corridor, stepping over the prostrate, snoring bodies of a score of men who resembled them in unkempt beards and shaggy hair. Close to a radiator they spread down some soiled newspapers, which they drew from their pockets. Then they removed their shoes, bunched their coats and made a pillow on which to rest their heads. In the warm air from the radiator they slowly expanded like angle worms in a spring shower and at last their tongues loosened.

"Say, pard," asked one of them, anxiously, "yer didn't forget to tell the clerk w'en ter call us, did yer?"

"Naw, I tole 'im not ter disturb us 'fore 8 o'clock—we wasn't 'customed to leavin' our sof' cushions 'fore that. Tabble debate breakfast at 9, yer know."

"Yer get that there little blizzard fixed up wit' Phil Armour to-day, Jerry?"

"Cert! I tole 'im I wouldn't take less'n \$50,000. 'Tems my lowly figgers, I sez; an' he sez, 'I know yer a man of yer word, Jerry, an' I takes yer,' he sez. Havin' received 'e coin, I lef his office. How's yer trade wit' Marshall Field?"

"Fair, Jerry, fair. I'll bring 'im around. He's hagglin' fer a couple 'ousan yet."

"There was a moment's silence. Jerry's toes wiggled comfortably through the holes in his remnants of socks."

"Say, pard, yer didn't blow out ther gas, eh?"

"Naw."

"An' yer ordered a Roostian bat' fer 'e mornin'?"

"Yess."

"Well, good-night, Jerry."

"Good-night, pard."

Two chins lopped down and two noses grew tenebrous.—Chicago Record.

## How to Live Long.

Some curious figures have lately been made public by a celebrated Berlin physician, which seem to point to the fact that if a man wants to live long and preserve his health and strength he ought to marry. Among unmarried men between the ages of 30 and 45 the death rate is 27 per cent. Among married men between the same ages it is only 18 per cent. For forty-one bachelors who live to be 40 years of age, seventy-eight married men triumphantly arrive at the same period. The difference gets all the more marked as time goes on. At 60 years of age there are only twenty-two bachelors to forty-eight married men; at 70 there are eleven bachelors to twenty-seven who were married, and by the time they reach 80 the married men are three to one, for there are nine of them to every three bachelors! And yet, in the face of facts like these, we still find men daring to remain single! It really is as much as their lives are worth, if they only come to think of it. Men may talk of their lives being shortened by domestic worries and anxieties and

cares. That is all rubbish. Statistics must tell the truth, and these statistics of the Berlin doctor say that the man who is a bachelor stands in far greater risk of a shortened span.—Spare Moments.

## WELL-BEHAVED IMMIGRANTS.

Though Poor They Are Exceedingly Courteous to One Another.

There is an old axiom which says that courtesy costs nothing. If it did cost something, some of us would have even less of it than we have now. No better place for seeing "courtesy at any cost" can be visited than the United States barge office, where immigrants from Ellis Island enter New York. Every day from 1,000 to 2,000 aliens are landed there. These people, poor but courteous, represent nearly every civilized nation. The tawny-haired Saxons, rosy-cheeked Irish girls, black-bearded Germans, high-booted Russians and gayly dressed Italians, all are among those who come to seek fortune in the new world. Some people might imagine that they would lose their national characteristics on landing in this busy city, but such is not the case.

The barge office is a resort for cabbies and expressmen who have not the interests of the immigrants at heart. Others visit the place for the purpose of watching the actions of the new arrivals. Among these people the respect and deference which the new arrivals show to one another is most remarkable, although Germans, Swedes, Irish, Hebrews and Russians often arrive on the same vessels. Friendships are formed which sometimes are lasting. The young Irish girl comes here and is met by her friends. Often it is at the barge office, and as they trudge off with their smiling faces, they stop to shake hands and say good-by to some other immigrant for whom you would think she had not the slightest fellow feeling. But she is sunny-hearted, and she shines for all. As the ceremony ends and the little party breaks up, the men invariably take off their hats and salute like Chesterfields. The men of nearly all countries, except England, show the same fine courtesy to one another.—New York Press.

## Had a Fellow Feeling.

"I want to make inquiries of you," he said, as he stopped a policeman in front of the City Hall the other afternoon.

"All right, sir," was the reply. "Would it be agin' the law fur me to rub my back agin' the walls of that building?"

"What's the matter with your back?"

"Got a porous plaster on it, and it itches so that I can't keep my heels on the ground. I want to take off my coat and vest and back up to that rough wall. Would it be agin' the law?"

"I dunno as it would be breaking any law," said the officer, "but I think I could put you on a better thing."

"Thanks! What is it?"

"Down at the dock at the foot of this street you'll find a pile all splintered up and driven full of nails and pieces of scrap iron. It's handy to back up to, and the place is not quite so public as this."

"All right—much obliged. I'll go down and try her, and if she works all right I'll recommend her to my friends when they happen to be in town. Out home I've got a section of board fence fixed up with curbs, carpet tacks, pounded glass and old scythe blades, but I can't wait to git that! Shake! You feel fur your feller man, you do, and the first thing when I git home I'll send you a bushel of the nicest pop corn in the State of Michigan!"—Detroit Free Press.

## Deaths Follow Funerals.

One of the leading undertakers of this city told me recently that within the next fifteen years the burial customs of the country will be entirely changed. He said that among other reforms the custom of following the remains to the cemetery would be done away with. He said the undertakers had been trying in a silent way for years to bring about certain funeral reforms and that before long the matter would be publicly discussed and the reforms put into practice as far as was within the power of the undertakers.

He says that statistics show that a very large number of deaths result each year from the custom of following the remains to the cemetery. Invalids and persons weak and broken by grief are taken out in all kinds of weather to go to the grave, and then the exposure in the bleak cemetery while the services are being held at the grave frequently causes the mourners serious illness. There are many other matters which my friend did not care to talk about in connection with funeral customs that will be changed.—Buffalo News.

## Equal to the Emergency.

A tobacco salesman recently attempted to get up a flirtation with a dining-room girl at the Morton House. She paid no attention to him until he called her to his side and said: "You remind me of my sister."

"Yes," said she. "Now, isn't it funny? You seem to remind me so much of my brother."

"Indeed?" said the young man and winked at the other salesmen around the table. "In what way?"

"Why, he never could mind his own business!"—Michigan Tradesman.

## The Portuguese Crown Jewels.

One of the objects of the king of Portugal's visit to London was to consult a jeweler as to the proper maintenance of the crown jewels. The Portuguese crown is reputed to be the most gorgeous in the world, and its intrinsic value is put down at about \$8,000,000. After it comes the crown of Russia, and then that of England.

## Fined for Betting on Cricket.

At Sheffield, England, recently, two men were fined \$75 each, or two months' imprisonment, for betting at Hallam Cricket Club sports.

The easiest way for a young man to be admired by his neighbors is to be good to his mother.

The statements of both parties are in perfect accord on one thing. They all want to be President next time.

The man carried away by enthusiasm is frequently brought back by disgust.

## SWALLOWING IRON BALLS.

A Curious Feat Performed by Chinese Jugglers.

Chinese jugglers have a reputation for performing many curious and difficult feats. A very common but dangerous trick, writes a traveler, is that of swallowing iron balls. It is sometimes kept until the last, as it usually leaves the performer in an unenviable state of health. The iron balls used are each about one and a half to two inches in diameter, made of rough cast iron. One is swallowed, and in its progress down the throat is easily traced by the huge lump that appears. Another ball is entered into the mouth and made to follow. The performer now begins to feel uncomfortable, the pupils of his eyes dilate and his face changes color under the dirt. The next ball, the third, is now sent on its dark way and is seen to go very slowly down the throat. Now comes the disgusting part, to watch his antics as he exerts all his energy and force to get it down. After the lump caused by this ball again disappears he gives a great bound into the air and comes down sharply to his feet, when he can easily be heard the sharp click as the third ball comes in contact with its fellows. Then follows the minute of horrible agony, as he strains himself in great pain, his hands pressing his stomach and body bent almost double. He coughs and forces until one, then two, then the last ball all roll from the mouth and into the dirt. Not long ago one of this class of men was doing a trick outside the walls of Shanghai. One of the iron pills referred to remained in his stomach rather than to come out into the open air again, in consequence of which the victim died in fearful agony before our eyes.

## A Kissing Festival.

Helmogen, a Roumanian country town of 1,200 inhabitants, holds its annual fair on the feast of St. Theodore. On this occasion the place swarms with newly married brides from sixty or eighty villages in the district, widows who have taken fresh husbands remaining at home. The young women, in festive attire, and generally attended by their mothers-in-law, carry jugs of wine interwoven with flowers in their hands. The "Roumanische Woebenschrift" says they kiss every one they meet, and afterwards present the jug to his lips for a "hup." The individual thus regaled bestows a small gift on the fair Hebe. Not to partake of the proffered wine is regarded as an insult to the young wife and her family. She is, therefore, reserved towards strangers, and only kisses those whom she thinks likely to taste of her wine. This kissing is carried on everywhere—in the streets, in the taverns, and in private houses.

## Vouched for the Janitor.

Man at Door—I can rent the flats, mum.

"Are the rents reasonable?"

"Yes, mum."

"What sort of a janitor have you?"

"A very good one, mum."

"Is he polite and attentive?"

"Yes, mum."

"Honest?"

"Yes, mum."

"Doesn't he ever steal from the market baskets of the tenants?"

"Never, mum."

"He's a good Christian man, is he?"

"Yes, mum. A politer, more attentive, honest or more Christian man never lived, mum."

"I am delighted to hear that. Where is he now?"

"I'm him, mum."—New York Weekly.

## The Sewing Machine.

The first sewing machine that was ever made was probably that patented by Thomas Saint in 1790. He patented a machine for stitching, quilting and sewing. It was intended chiefly for leather work, and just missed being a real sewing machine. After him came Barthelemy Thimmonier, of St. Etienne, France, who invented and patented a machine in 1830 which contained the germ of the modern machine. He was nearly murdered by the Parisian work people, who objected to the use of machines for sewing. This happened in 1841. Walter Hunt invented the eye-pointed needle and lock-stitch in New York in 1832-34. He did not patent his invention. In 1841 Elias Howe reinvented them by original work and patented his original sewing machine.

## To Cure Obesity.

A new treatment of obesity is proposed, based on a new theory. One pound of lean meat and one pound of fish per day is used with a pint of hot water every two hours. Nothing else in the way of food or drink is allowed. The theory is that the food being purely nitrogenous, the needful hydrocarbon must be supplied by the absorption of fat. The large quantities of hot water are for the purpose of averting kidney disturbances, which often attack those who live largely on nitrogenous food. There can be no doubt about this remedy. It will make any thick man thin if he can survive the drinking of twelve pints of hot water in a day.

## Very Apropos.

An examination in astronomy had been in a certain college recently (says the Boston Transcript). A student came in, glanced over the list of questions, was appalled at their character, and, hastily scribbling something in his book, left the room. The professor was curious to see what he had written, and went to the desk and looked at the book. This was what he found:—being a couplet from a well-known hymn:

Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly!

## An Archbishop's Grave.

Nearly 800 years ago Archbishop Ide-mar was laid to rest in the cathedral at Bremen. His grave has just been discovered with an inscription, which, besides giving the date of his death, shows that he rebuilt the cathedral in 1088, a fact that had been a matter of doubt hitherto. Of the body nothing remained, but when the coffin was opened the clothes in which he had been buried, including his shoes, were still intact. On exposure to the air, however, they crumbled away to dust.

## Buried in an Aluminum Coffin.

The body of Anton Zimmermann, a Cincinnati man, was buried last week in an aluminum coffin.

## The Lay of the land—a national hymn

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# Taxes Are Now Due!

## The State, County, Town, City, Drainage and Lincoln Park Taxes

For the year 1895 are now due and payable at my office, 259 North Clark Street. By paying your taxes to the Town Collector it is a direct benefit to you, as TWO PER CENT. of all such collections goes into the Town Treasury, to be used solely for town expenses.

**PAUL REDIESKE,**  
Collector Town of North Chicago.  
OFFICE: 259 North Clark Street.

# Taxes Are Now Due!

## The State, County, Town, City, Drainage and South Park Taxes

For the year 1895 are now due and payable at my office, Northwest corner Monroe St. and Michigan Ave. By paying your taxes to the Town Collector it is a direct benefit to you, as TWO PER CENT. of all such collections goes into the Town Treasury, to be used solely for town expenses.

**JAMES A. HOGAN,**  
Collector Town of South Chicago.  
OFFICE: Northwest Cor. Monroe St. and Michigan Ave.

# Taxes Are Now Due!

## The State, County, Town, City, Drainage and West Park Taxes

For the year 1895 are now due and payable at my office, Haymarket Building, 161, 163 and 165 West Madison St. By paying your taxes to the Town Collector it is a direct benefit to you, as 2 PER CENT. of all such collections goes into the Town Treasury, to be used solely for town expenses.

**JACOB STAINER,**  
Collector Town of West Chicago.  
OFFICE: Haymarket Bldg., 161, 163, 165 W. Madison St.

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